

Has no Jurisdiction Over Minor Courts
Frankfort, Ky., Feb. 8.—A
pellate court has decided that
has no jurisdiction over courts
below the circuit courts.

Woman's Men Make Fashions for Gentle Sex

By FREEMAN FIDEN

It is not for nothing that the fashioning of the clothes of the men of the world is left to the women. It is not for nothing that the women of the world are the ones who are responsible for the fashioning of the clothes of the men of the world. It is not for nothing that the women of the world are the ones who are responsible for the fashioning of the clothes of the men of the world.

Time was when men who had risen to the distinction of perpetual leisure displayed evidence of their prosperity in their own person. In certain parts of the world to-day elongated fingernails are a proud testimony to the fact that this was a condition where there was leisure for the men to devote to the study of the art of the finger.

High-heeled shoes, ponderous headgear, corsets, cumbersome gowns, trains and little things accessories show, and are intended to show, that there is no necessity for work. They witness the grandeur of the man who paid for them and can afford to play thus his worldly success.

Men make the fashions or procure them, and always to this end. Undoubtedly the instinct for perfection creeps in and sometimes the result is truly artistic. But the idea is to make the clothes cost as much as possible and prevent the wearer from demeaning himself by labor, which is not a very difficult task.

Do not all these features reflect the power of the man who buys, who provides, who plans? The idea cannot be entirely pleasing to women merely, though it saves them from admitting that they are guilty of inflicting such discomfort on themselves voluntarily.

Freeman Fiden

Good Advice to Girls on Courting Men

By BETTY VINCENT

It surprises me to receive letters from young ladies asking me "how they may become acquainted" with some young man whom "they admire very much."

Girls, is the world turning round still-out, when you consider it you place to do the "courting." Can't you realize that it is a young man sees you and admires you he will find some way to obtain an introduction?

If a young man on terms of friendship with mutual acquaintances of your own cannot seem to manage to meet you you may be sure that he does not particularly care to do so. So, young ladies, leave the initiative to the men.

The more you wish to meet some man the more likely you are to accomplish your purpose if you do not let him guess it.

To be obviously pursued is enough to disgust any man. Let the men request the introduction and protect your own dignity by not giving consent to it too readily.

A young man writes me: "I met a girl about a week ago and it was a case of love at first sight. I wish to marry her and I do not know how to ask her. What shall I say?"

It is far too soon to ask the young lady to marry you. You had best wait until you are a bit more sure of your own affections before you attempt to win her. Recently a man would and won a young girl in 30 minutes. Such love affairs, however, usually end disastrously.

A young girl writes: "I have fallen in love with a young man who holds a position beneath my brother. My parents object to him on that account. What shall I do?"

Be true to your love. If the reason which you mention is the only one for the objection of your parents, it is not a good reason. Do not decide for them, but frankly that you do not mean to give up the man you love to your own heart.

Did you ever step into a street car and find your way obstructed by a man, more often a boy, with a couple of large bundles of goods—not flowers or bric-a-brac from a department store, not even a folded baby carriage, but plain bundles of merchandise which belong on an express wagon?

You most certainly did. And you always saw the piercing glances which the motorist shot at the boy and the suppressed curses which trickled down the throat of the conductor. You have also seen the apologetic look of the man who is using the street cars when he should, properly, use an express wagon.

Being introduced by this man and his bundles, you often wondered why the company allows such things. Considering the frame of mind you were in, your reflections were quite pardonable. However, there is another side to the story, which does not, at the least concern you, but which is interesting nevertheless. It is the struggle for existence, the hanging on to business by the skin of one's teeth, which every one of these men who uses the street car for expressing purposes goes through.

"No one is more annoyed by the large bundles on the car than I am," said a young man who had occupied nearly the entire front platform of a car with two bundles of wire frames for hats.

"But it is the only way I can keep up my business. I make these wire frames and deliver them to millinery stores. I make them in my own home. If I were to hire an expressman or keep a delivery wagon of my own for bringing the material from the wholesale house and then delivering the wire frames to my customers, I would have to go out of business to-morrow."

LITTLE MAN TO BE PROUD OF

Kind Act of Youngster That Delighted Occupants of Philadelphia Car.

A pretty incident occurred the other day on a street car, says the Philadelphia Record. A young mother with a curly-headed little boy, apparently about six years old, boarded the car. Further up the street an old lady, poorly dressed, got on. All the seats were occupied, and the little man, without being prompted by the mother, at once climbed down from his seat and doffing his cap, offered the seat to the old woman. The latter smiled gratefully, but hesitated in accepting the kindness of the child. The mother, pride beaming in her eyes, insisted on the aged woman, who could scarcely keep her feet in the hurrying car, taking the proffered seat. The boy stood in the aisle holding on to the back of the chair and, opening a paper bag, took out two oranges and placed them in the lap of the old woman, with the observation: "Please take these home to your little boy." Tears welled in the dimmed eyes of the woman replied: "No, my dear little man, my little boy went to sleep when he was just your age."

"Well, keep them anyhow," was the quick response of the gallant little man, "he's sure to be hungry when he wakes up," and he tripped out of the car holding his proud mother's hand, and followed by the admiring glances of the women, while the men immersed themselves more deeply in their newspapers.

Made the Hunters Pay.
Benwood, a farmer of Great Notch, N. J., made two young hunters pay dearly for killing a year-old beller on his place. The young men, who said they lived in Paterson, started out to look for deer, and seeing the calf browsing at the edge of a wood lot on Benwood's farm, lost no time in getting the hang of what they were doing. They fired and killed the quarry. Benwood witnessed the shooting and, accompanied by a farm hand, started to head off the hunters, who had discovered their mistake and were making for the road leading to Montclair. The farmers gave chase and the hunters, seeing they were followed, took to the woods, but after a six-mile flight were overtaken near the new state normal school at Montclair heights. They were inclined to laugh at the affair at first and offered five dollars to Benwood. "Make it \$10 or you both go to jail," he said. The hunters made up the money between them and were allowed to depart.

An Ink Point.
A girl bookkeeper displayed fingers black and unsightly with ink stains. "Now look," she said. "And dipping her fingers in water, she rubbed the head of a match over them. The result was magical. The sulphur removed the stains as easily as a dust cloth removes dirt. "Isn't that a good idea?" she said. "A chemist taught it me. Thanks to it, I never have to go home with ink fingers."

The Louisville Times For 1910

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Locomotive Blasts.

Hit by Freight Train.
Stepping from behind a box-car, where he was working in the L. & N. yards at Ellettsville, Jacob Songering, a car repairer, was struck by the engine of freight train No. 69 at 5:30 o'clock Sunday afternoon, and thrown thirty feet. He was picked up with two broken legs and a fractured skull. A special ambulance and canvas out of the round house, hurried Songering to the L. & N. city passenger station, from where he was rushed in an ambulance to St. Mary's hospital. Dr. P. Y. McCarty, who attended him, says that the chances for his recovery are small.

A small wreck occurred Monday at 1 p. m. near Kelley's Station. No. 31, a freight, ran into a construction train. Engineer Warner was burnt by steam. No. 94 was derailed by Russellville and Central City. The Nashville and Earlington wreckers soon cleared up the wreck.

Construction men are bracing the large tank south of the passenger depot, also moving the section house that has stood there for several years.

Conductor E. R. Heafer, who has been on a thorough run for several years, now has the interurban regular.

A special train carrying 80 passengers for Mexico City and other points South passed through here Saturday.

F. G. Payne, formerly lineman for the Western Union Telegraph Co., is now flagging on the interurban.

John W. Vogel's Big City Minstrels.

On Friday night, the Minstrels at the Temple Theatre, an unexcelled musical performance can be looked for, for on that date John W. Vogel's Big City Minstrels with upward of fifty people will be here.

Vogel is known as the greatest manager, while Chas. Gato is considered to be one of the most popular comedians in the minstrel world, and there is little doubt but what the organization is as claimed; the robust and not least in existence.

The first part will be set in a new creation, entitled The Electric Violon Palace, a magnificent affair; beautifully staged and appropriately costumed. The overture is teeming with charming up-to-date music, excellent vocalists and graceful action.

The vocalists include the famous alto, Mr. Harry Leighton, the most wonderful Aeolian voiced child soprano, Master A. N. Scott, the Louisville Glee Club and a host of others. Roy Peck, droll humorist, "Bill" Conroy, cannon shooter, John Goss, bass soloist, and others will appear in the all feature olio.

Seats now on sale at news stand.

He Deserved a Hook.
Maud (in the street)—"That man who just went by stared at me as though he expected to see horns sprouting from my head." Jack—"Perhaps he took you for one of those goat women."

The Real Thing.
If fiction writers want to be more realistic they should write less about dry-eyed grief and more about the grief that is red-nosed.—Athenaeum Globe.

SANKER JAS. H. PARRISH

Goes to Eddyville Penitentiary to Start a Five-Year Term.

James H. Parrish, in the custody of the sheriff of Hancock county, passed through Owensboro at 7:15 this morning on his way to the Eddyville penitentiary, en route via Henderson and Princeton, making the same time they would by going over the L. O. railroad via Ellettsville Branch.

The faithful, devoted wife and little adopted son, Parley Hale, accompanied him and will make their home in Ellettsville during his imprisonment.

Mr. and Mrs. Parrish manifest remarkable fortitude, accepting the inevitable bravely.

Mr. Henry Morrison, brother of Mrs. Parrish, joined them at Owensboro and will see that his sister is comfortably located at Ellettsville.

SOME CREDIT TO PROVIDENCE
Pompous Self-Made Man Willing to Admit He Might Have Received Blight Aid.

Andrew Carnegie, according to a Pittsburgh banker, once told a Thanksgiving story with a moral.

"Too many men," said Mr. Carnegie, "are not thankful enough to Providence for their success. This is especially true of self-made men, who are prouder, as a rule, than kings and dukes."

"A self-made man I knew was talking to a minister. The topic was, of course, his own success."

"Yes, doctor," he said, "I began life a barefooted newbory. At 20 I was worth \$2,000. I was a millionaire at 32. And yet everybody was against me. I have achieved my success, doctor, single-handed and by my own unaided efforts."

"Here the proud self-made man seemed to remember that, in conversing with a minister, he ought to adopt a bumbler and more religious tone. He said lightly, after a short pause: "Of course, I can't deny that Providence may, now and then, have been of some slight service."

Difference in Sexes.
"All geniuses wear long hair," says an exchange. However, when a woman becomes conscious of genius she has her hair cut short.—Milwaukee Journal.

MINING NOTES.

Walter Weighs of New-Carbondale, was in town Saturday.

Tom Long, assistant State Mine Inspector, spent several days last week at Drakesboro.

Coal comprises about 60% of the total mineral wealth produced by Japan. This industry has had a marvelous growth. In 1893 the coal output was \$310,000 tons. Five years later, in 1898, it had risen to 6,749,000 tons, and ten years later to 14,825,862 tons. Of the latter total in 1908 there were exported 2,863,110 tons.

Not Quite That.
Frightful indeed was the disillusionment of the literary worshiper when she heard that Kenneth Grahame, author of "The Golden Age," that most imaginative of outdoor child stories, was employed in the dirty precincts of the Bank of England.

"Good gracious!" she wailed, in the first rush of her disappointment. "I suppose you'll tell me next that Jack London, in private life, is a 'silver-voiced tenor!'"

Just Football.
He stood on the bridge at twilight as the game drew near its close. In triumphant mood he steadily stood on the bridge of the halfback's nose.

Special Sale Each Saturday

Saturday, Feb. 12

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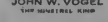
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Teachers' Motives
Pure and Records Good

By MRS. GEORGE S. LADD

I am doing justice to the farm people when I affirm that the life of the farmer is higher, their motives purer and their records of crime less than those of any other class of people. The great majority of them are honest, industrious, intelligent and charitable. What can constitute a higher type of citizenship?

The atmosphere of the farm home is pure. It speaks for itself. From it has come the majority of the greatest and best men and women of the nation. Statistics prove this assertion. There is the love of home so strong as among the farm people and it is a recognized fact that "the home makes the nation." Theodore Roosevelt realized this when he said: "There is no more important person exerting her influence upon the life of the nation than the farmer's wife. More important home than the farmer's home, and it is of national importance to do the best we can for both."

Ask any merchant in any town or city to what class of people he would rather extend credit, and he will tell you the "farmer" every time; but in order to pay his honest debts the farmer and his family deny themselves many of the pleasures of life and some of the necessities. People representing the great basic industry of this country should not be obliged to do this. They should receive a just compensation for the products of their farms.

The thoughts of the farm people is not "How much can I get out of you?" but "How much can I do for you?" The old saying that "virtue is its own reward" does not seem to apply to the farmer on this earth, but it may in the hereafter. He does not seem to be a part of anything really, except work and home. The same tax rate is placed upon him as upon the man whose business pays a 75 per cent. dividend. He does not receive the position of honor and trust that are given men in other callings. He knows that in the majority of cases it is only the poorest of any profession who stay in the country, for the attractions of the great American dollar to most people are far greater than the song of the birds, the hum of the bees, green grass, pure air and beautiful sunshine.

His charity! If you are unfortunate ask any one in the country for money or food. If they have it, see how quickly you will receive it. Ask in the city for the same and you will get—30 days. I know there is a law against begging, but there is no law which prevents a person from being hungry or unfortunate. Charity toward all is one of the strong characteristics of the American farmer.

Closed to the Public on Sunday

By ARTHUR BLANCHARD

Then, then prime minister of Australia, visited this country some years ago he was keenly anxious to see Mount Vernon, but the only day he could devote to the pilgrimage was Sunday. Extraordinary exertions were put forth to get a relaxation of the rule in his case, but to no avail. It was in midsummer, during the absence of the president, and no one at the capital or at the mansion could be found to take the responsibility of setting a precedent. Greatly disappointed, Sir Edward Barton had to leave without having his wish gratified, as he was forced to hurry to catch his ship.

Disease Given by Man as Business

By J. E. ADAMS, M.D.

A New York man was brought before a magistrate the other day for speeding. The magistrate asked his occupation. "Rheumatism," replied the prisoner. It was so recorded. When you think of it, he was probably not far wrong. If anything will keep a man occupied it is a pet trouble like rheumatism or indigestion. Give it a chance and it will make other mundane matters relatively unimportant. It will prove the most exacting of occupations. It has one advantage over the ordinary ones; hard times can't interfere with it. Every factory in the world may close, but the man who makes his disease his occupation need not work. His occupation will not be touched. It will always be open, beyond all "chance and change of the unsteady plan." But it has the advantage that it tends to grow more and more enormous. A man begins, say, with a little light and easy employment at indigestion. His hours at first are reasonable. Soon he discovers that he must pay more attention to it if he would do the thing right. He gives it several hours a day additional. He begins to think about it at odd times. Before he knows it he is occupied with it for practically all his waking hours.

High Class Play Will Always Endure

By E. F. ROSTICK
Theatrical Critic

Melodrama that is really high class and artistically presented will never lose its hold on the playgoing public. Good melodrama will never lose its popularity, because it is founded on basic principles that appeal to all human beings. It amuses men and women, beguiles them from morbid introspection, takes their minds off their troubles and contains no degrading lessons. It also goes right along in the old and approved channels, rewarding virtue and chastising vice, and getting the plaudits of the good people who make up the audience. High-class melodrama will be as popular 1,000 years from to-day as now, even if by that time they have invented a new name for it.

ALL CLASSES ITS DEVOTEES

"Fishes" as a Topic of Conversation Seems to Be Without a Rival.

Some amusing anecdotes are told by Arthur Loring Bruce, in his book, "The Bridge Over the River May." Years ago Lady Mary Westcott, an Irish lady, wrote to a friend, saying: "I have to death. I hear nothing but the eternal question: 'What's the trumps?' and 'Who's to play?'" What would Lady Mary say now? To illustrate the widespread infection Mr. Bruce relates the following anecdote: A Chicago woman went into a dry goods shop and was vainly trying to secure the attention of two glorious beings in black princess costumes, surrounded by gigantic and plentifully marked pompadours. Their voices were as sharp as the proverbial tack. They were as close together as their pompadours would permit and their conversation was evidently far from agreeable. After the lady had waited patiently for some minutes for the discussion to cease, so that she might modestly inquire as to the price of Copenhagen blue anemone plumes, she was surprised to overhear the following pregnant remark: "No, dear, positively you are wrong; from this tack, too, you always want to lead the jack."

Treasure Trove on Bathing Beaches. Fishing for gold is the latest vogue indulged in by inhabitants of the most fashionable bathing resorts on the Baltic and North sea coasts of Germany. Since the flood of prosperity that has overwhelmed Germany during the last decade, hundreds of splendid watering places have sprung up like mushrooms on the shallow German water edge, which are frequented by the wealthiest and most fashionable clientele. Men and women who go bathing take but little care of their belongings, and the number of watches, bracelets, rings, earrings and other ornaments that are lost in the small boats, where bathing from the seashore is in vogue, is enormous. The objects lost are speedily buried by sand and when the visitors have gone the gold fishermen come to look for lost treasure. During the autumn the tides wash the sand away, leaving all heavy gold objects exposed. Many of these gold seekers earn more than a single day than they did for months during the summer, and the dealers who buy the treasure trove from the fishermen do a big trade.

Extraordinary. Italy is doing it not artistic, so even in their swimming costumes art finds a place; in addition to the ordinary acrobatic feats and the tests of endurance.

In Rome during a series of aquatic sports on the Tiber couples and groups in fantastic costumes would appear on the banks and plunge into the river in all sorts of attitudes, but the one thing that was most admired and applauded was the flying Mercury.

One of the members of the Roman Swimming club had apparently borrowed all the attributes of this messenger of the gods, his winged hat and sandals and the caduceus, and when, carefully posed, he jumped into the Tiber, it seemed, the spectators said, as if it were really the Mercury of Giovanni da Bologna, who had come up to participate in the water sports of modern Italy.

Quest for Stuffed Butterflies. A woman went into a New York sporting goods store, of all places, and asked if any one there could tell her where a "stuffed butterfly" could be had. "I mean," said she "a dead butterfly, mounted. I promised a little boy over in England that I'd bring home a specimen, American butterfly. I've asked in a lot of department stores, but they haven't any."

Some one suggested that she call at the American Museum of Natural History, and she left after saying that in London any big store would be likely to have "stuffed butterflies" in stock.

Just as a Leaven. A little boy is desirable in him that will not be put out of business by stupidity.—Montaigne.

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